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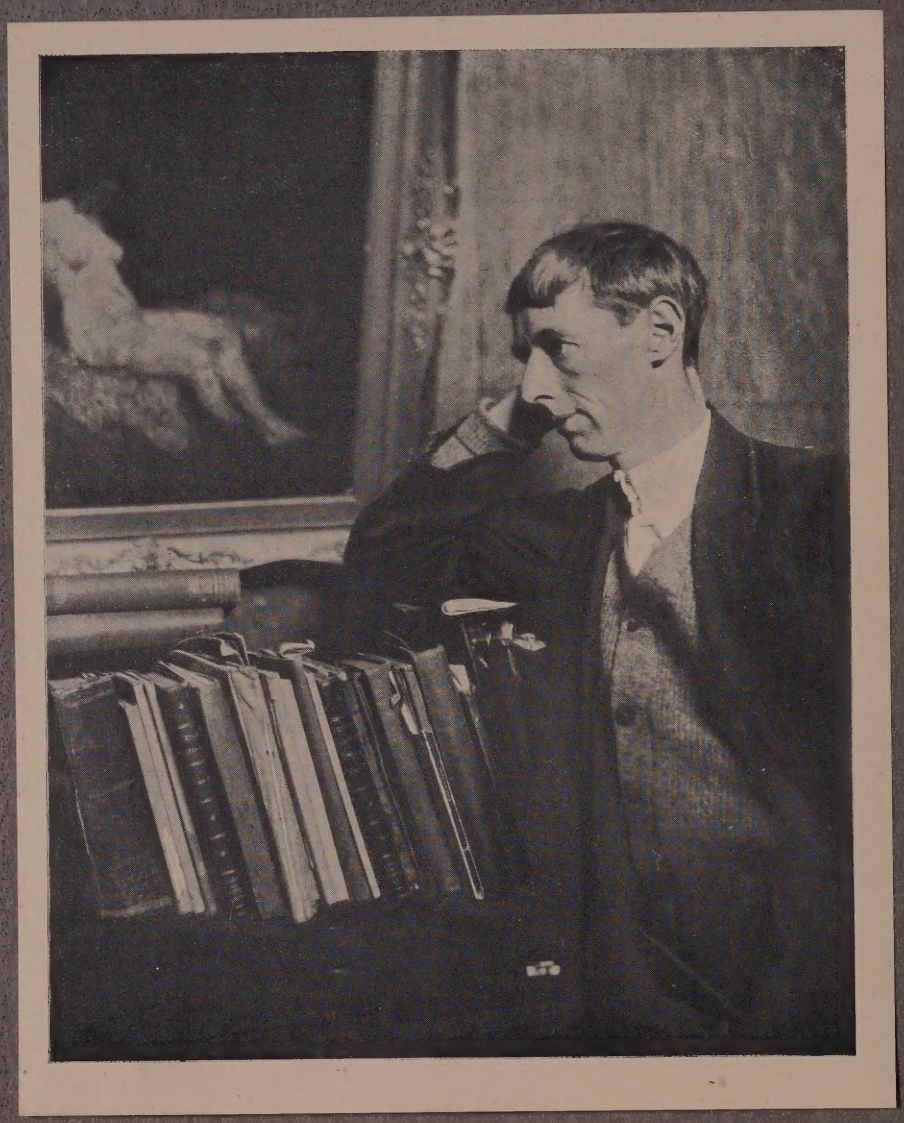
THE PEN DRAWINGS OF NORMAN LINDSAY



Norman Lindsay.
Photographed in his Studio.

THE PEN DRAWINGS OF NORMAN LINDSAY

SPECIAL NUMBER OF
ART IN AUSTRALIA
EDITED BY
SYDNEY URE SMITH
& BERTRAM STEVENS

ANGUS & ROBERTSON LTD.
CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY
1918

200 copies of this edition have
been printed, of which 150 are
offered for sale. This copy is
No. 132

Norman Lindsay

LIST of PLATES

TITLE	Date of Drawing	Size of Original — inches	Plate No.
Illustration to Shakespeare's Henry IV.	1894	$11\frac{1}{8}$ x $7\frac{3}{4}$	I
This drawing is dated 1896—the year in which it was first exhibited; it was actually drawn in 1894, when the artist was fifteen.			
The Idylls of Theocritus - -	1898	$9\frac{1}{2}$ x 8	II
Title Page for The Decameron of Boccaccio	1899	$13\frac{1}{2}$ x 8	III
The Decameron - - -	1899	$7\frac{1}{2}$ x 6	IV
The Decameron - - -	1899	$11\frac{3}{4}$ x $9\frac{3}{4}$	V
The Decameron - - -	1899	9 x $6\frac{1}{8}$	VI
The Pink Butterfly - - -	1900	7 x 7	VII
The Dancer - - - -	1900	$12\frac{1}{4}$ x $9\frac{3}{4}$	VIII
The Rivals - - - -	1901	$7\frac{1}{4}$ x $5\frac{3}{4}$	IX
Rabelais - - - -	1902	10 x $8\frac{7}{8}$	X
The Spirit of the Earth - -	1902	10 x 8	XI
A Bacchanal - - -	1903	$11\frac{1}{2}$ x $8\frac{1}{4}$	XII
The Scoffers - - - -	1903	$12\frac{1}{2}$ x $9\frac{1}{4}$	XIII
The Idylls of Moschus - -	1903	$8\frac{3}{4}$ x 8	XIV
The Curate's Little Wife - -	1904	$10\frac{3}{4}$ x 8	XV
Pollice Verso - - -	1904	23 x 18	XVI
The Girl, the Boy and the Garden God	1905	$14\frac{1}{2}$ x $8\frac{3}{4}$	XVII
Bacchanal - - - -	1905	13 x $11\frac{1}{2}$	XVIII
Dionysus - - - -	1905	$20\frac{1}{2}$ x $18\frac{1}{2}$	XIX
The Memoirs of Casanova - -	1906	7 x 7	XX
On the Tail of the Flight - -	1906	9 x 7	XXI
The Memoirs of Casanova	1906	6 x $6\frac{1}{2}$	XXII
"Each Man fought for Himself" -	1906	$9\frac{3}{4}$ x 7	XXIII
Satyrs Fighting - - -	1906	$7\frac{3}{4}$ x $7\frac{1}{2}$	XXIV
Satyrs pursuing Nymphs - -	1906	$9\frac{1}{2}$ x 6	XXV
The Lion Slayer - - -	1906	$8\frac{3}{4}$ x 7	XXVI
The Amorous Satyr - -	1906	$10\frac{1}{4}$ x $7\frac{1}{2}$	XXVII

LIST of PLATES (continued).

TITLE	Date of Drawing	Size of Original — inches	Plate No.
The Great Water	1907	8½ x 5	XXVIII
Petronius	1908	9¼ x 13	XXIX
The Embarkation	1908	12 x 10	XXX
The Argument	1911	23¼ x 18	XXXI
The Crucified Venus	1912	22 x 17	XXXII
Panurge meets Pantagruel	1912	22½ x 17	XXXIII
The Fruit Gatherers	1912	8 x 8½	XXXIV
The Procession	1912	9½ x 12	XXXV
Spring	1912	8 x 9¼	XXXVI
The Bathers	1912	7½ x 10½	XXXVII
The Story of the Abrolhos	1913	10 x 7	XXXVIII
The Vista	1913	11 x 9½	XXXIX
The Poems of Villon	1914	17 x 10	XL
Gallantry	1915	15 x 19	XLI
The Spoilers	1915	12 x 9½	XLII
The Raid	1915	11 x 9	XLIII
The Student's Mistress	1915	16½ x 10¾	XLIV
Gold	1916	12½ x 10	XLV
The Apotheosis of Villon	1916	23½ x 18	XLVI
Tom O' Bedlam	1917	11½ x 11	XLVII
Tom O' Bedlam	1917	13 x 9½	XLVIII
Tom O' Bedlam	1917	12½ x 8¾	XLIX
The Poems of Villon	1917	18 x 9	L
The Witches	1917	14½ x 12	LI
The Poems of Villon	1917	17½ x 13½	LII
The Old Batchelor of Congreve	1917	12½ x 11	LIII
Panurge and the Ladies of Paris	1917	18¾ x 12½	LIV
In appreciation of Leon Gellert	1918	10¼ x 13¼	LV

INTRODUCTION

THE selection from the pen drawings of Norman Lindsay here reproduced is the best of his work in the medium which he has made pre-eminently his own. With one or two exceptions these drawings have not been reproduced before; none of the very numerous cartoons and illustrations contributed to the "Bulletin" having been drawn upon for this book. The plates have not been arranged exactly in chronological order, but every phase of the artist's development is represented, and the date of each drawing is given in the index.

About four years ago the present editors, in conjunction with the artist, arranged to publish a volume containing the best of Norman Lindsay's work in black and white. Some blocks were engraved for the book, which it was intended to issue in a very limited edition at a high price. The war broke out soon afterwards, and the matter was dropped. It has now been revived, because if delayed much longer it might soon be impossible to include some of the best drawings, as the originals are being scattered abroad in private collections.

In the meantime the success of *Art in Australia*, published at a low price, has proved that there are many more people in Australia who are interested in the art of their country than was imagined. It is not, therefore, necessary to depend upon a few subscribers at a high price for the publication of a book of such artistic work as that of Norman Lindsay. As the pen-drawings are his most remarkable achievement it was decided to print them separately. Later on it may be possible to publish in similar style selections from the wash drawings, the oil paintings, the water-colours and the etchings of the same artist.

The editors have derived much pleasure from their association with the artist, and with this book, and they regard it as a privilege to have helped in publishing such excellent work by a fellow Australian. To them it has been a special delight to watch Norman Lindsay at work, to follow the development of his art as he responded to the various influences which have affected his technique, to listen to his enthusiastic talk upon art and life, and to look over a great many of his wonderful drawings and assist in the selection of the finest specimens to represent the different periods of his work.

Mr. Julian Ashton was asked to write a prefatory note for this book, as that gentleman, himself an artist of distinction, was one of the first to recognise the genius of the younger artist, and has missed no opportunity of proclaiming his merit to a public at first incredulous if not violently antagonistic. As Norman Lindsay has been closely associated with his elder brother Lionel, from boyhood onwards, and owes a good deal to him for counsel and encouragement, there is no one more competent than the latter to explain the sources of the technique and inspiration of one who is in many ways Australia's most typical and most extraordinary contribution to the world of art.

NORMAN LINDSAY.
BY JULIAN ASHTON.

FOR nearly twenty years Norman Lindsay has poured into the world a flood of drawings, political, social and imaginative; illustrations to standard authors, paintings in oil and water-colour, lithographs, posters and humorous pen-and-ink sketches. In the leisure moments of this strenuous life he has modelled life-sized nymphs pursued by satyrs, built beautiful miniature models of ships, from the Greek trireme to the old English line-of-battle-ship, with every spar, rope, and block in place. Incidentally, he has written on many artistic questions, published two or three books illustrated by himself, and is still at work upon the manuscript of others.

It has often been urged as a reproach against modern artists that the great Italians were not only painters, but sculptors, architects, engineers, and military experts in designing fortifications, while we are satisfied to follow one branch of our chosen calling, and make no excursions beyond its limitations. Lindsay has always lent a willing ear to the call of adventure. The catholicity of his taste is only equalled by the fecundity of his imagination. An omnivorous reader, with a phenomenal memory, he illustrates the Homeric legend as convincingly as he draws the old French haunts through which Villon pursued his search for love and wine, or he visualises the diversions and perils which beset the lives of the old-time shell-back and the hairy pirate.

His early drawings, influenced by his study of the classics, are full of a defence of paganism against Christianity. Aflame with the fire of youth and revolt, he found no place amongst his gods for the humility and self sacrifice of the "gentle Nazarene." Then his women, good healthy plump wenches, fit companions for his satyrs and rollicking topers—women for the hour, or the night—greatly confirmed the dislike and suspicion with which his earlier work was regarded by those who persistently forgot that the finest vintage undergoes a period of fermentation, during which impurities rise to the surface. I do not think Lindsay will ever draw Madonnas or angel-faced babies, of which the world has had plenty. His work, however, has already begun to show more restraint, a larger and more tolerant vision, together with a dawning conception of the great role woman plays in keeping fresh the ideals of civilization.

He is still a young man, still full of an exuberant fancy; who can doubt but that the chastening influence of Life will lay upon him that restraining and softening touch which we all experience as we grow in years and wisdom? Even if that is not to be, we owe Norman Lindsay a debt that it is ill to repay with doubt and suspicion. His imagination, his unerring truth of observation, his freedom from hypocrisy are qualities too rare to be rewarded with coldness or indifference.

It was about eighteen years ago that I first met him in Melbourne, a slim, reedy figure with a long craning neck supporting a well modelled head, whose luminous eyes and mobile lips gave eloquent promise of the turbulent spirit that dwelt within. His speech was rapid, as if the ideas and impressions which flowed across his complex mind were too swift for the usual staid utterance of mankind. His laughter was frequent, and infectious as the laughter of a boy. Indeed, he will never be anything else, and he was not twenty then. He had just finished illustrating Boccaccio. It was the most extraordinary thing I had seen by one so young, and I brought it back to Sydney with the hope of inducing some of my friends to subscribe sufficient to send the young author of these drawings to Europe. I got the support I needed, and Lindsay came to Sydney, but I am glad he did not take that opportunity of leaving Australia. He got work upon the "Bulletin," and has remained faithful to the country that gave him birth.

It was Carlyle who said "Genius was the transcendent capacity of taking pains." Someone else asserts that the first sign of genius is immense productivity. Both these qualities are Norman Lindsay's. Drawings pour from his facile brain and hand. If a design does not please him, he re-draws it again and again. No labour is too great so that he gets nearer his mental vision.

Walking with him at his home near Springwood I asked if he did not tire of the monotony of the country and want to return to Sydney. "I seldom go to Sydney," he replied, "and only when I am forced to do so. Here the days are never long enough for me." I quite believe it. He rises early and works in pen and ink during the morning hours. For a change, in the afternoon he will begin a water-colour drawing or put in time out of doors getting ready the supports for a life-sized equestrian group he has designed for his lawn. In the evening he reads, retires early, and writes a portion of his latest novel before he sleeps.

He still retains the charm of manner and address that characterised him when we first met, but his red tie and paganism are gone. His outlook, though quite cheerful, is wider; his sympathies deeper and more delicate in expression. Comparatively unknown outside of Australia, and owing but little to traditions of Art, he stands to-day the unrivalled master of all who bow the knee before the most despotic of mediums—Pen and Ink. His line has more intensity and life than any line Phil May ever laid on paper, at all events in Australia. May's line was the line which would print upon the "Bulletin" machine of those days. Often he lamented to me over the cramping effect that bad printing had upon his work. Lindsay has been born under better conditions. It has been slowly made plain to "able editors" that the printer must follow the artist. May's pen line was never free; it was to the last a good printing line and nothing more. It is easy to verify this by looking at his pencil drawings with their freedom and vivacity of line. Phil May was a favourite, not on account of his artistry, but because he was

Dutch in the precision of his portraiture, and a true Cockney in the lightness of his humor and the quick wit of his line.

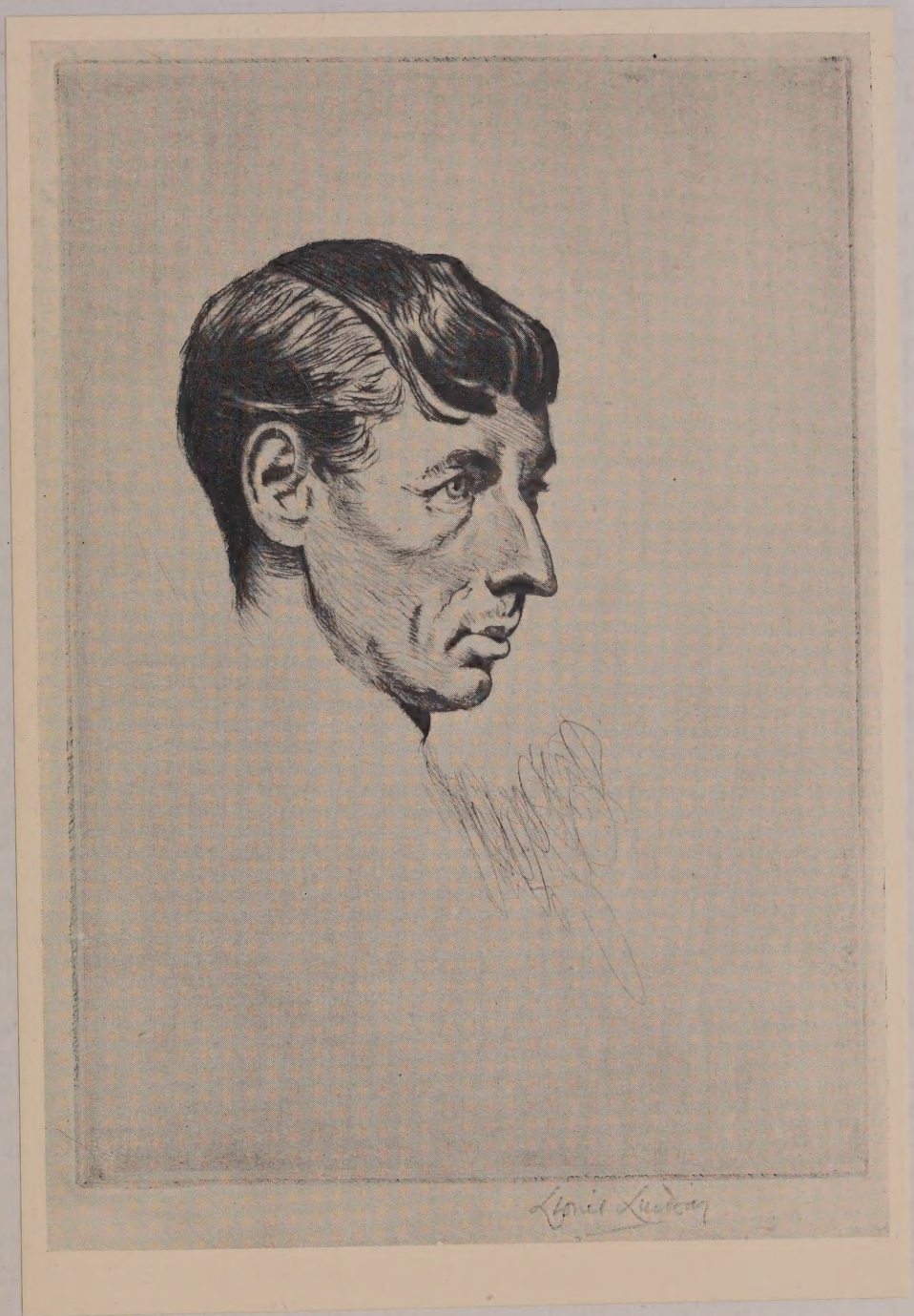
All of these were essentially realist at base, depending on the aphorism of Flaubert that "from form is born the idea," which Norman Lindsay almost completely reverses. With him the imaginative idea precedes everything. In essence he is an illustrator, a man of ideas and strong beliefs; an untranscendental visionary, the figments of whose imagination wear in his art the very garb of reality. He is, in all probability, the first great exponent of Romanticism with the pen.

Born in the little mining township of Creswick, Victoria, in 1879, Norman Lindsay had little to stimulate his early pictorial imagination but that large family Bible, filled with the shock of embattled hosts and charging charioteers —"the noise of the captains and the shouting." He was fond of paraphrasing these as a child, and as he grew up he dug from Knight's "London" a treasury of costume, which, in the method of Abbey, he applied to the illustration of Dumas and Shakespeare. Some of these early drawings are remarkably felicitous, and lack the usual hesitancies of youth. At the age of fifteen he joined me in Melbourne, and was doing hack work for a living, and doing it remarkably well, too, at an age when most boys regard the future as an immense blank wall.

It was while he lived with the late Ernest Moffit and myself at Chartesville, near Heidelberg, that he came under the spell of Frederick Sandys. We were all ardent collectors of the illustrators of the sixties, and the find of a cut like "Amor Mundi" or the "Waiting-Time," made for a week of loud rejoicings. The Idylls of Theocritus (Bohn), Gautier's Golden Book, and the poetry of Rossetti and Swinburne; Schubert's songs and Beethoven's symphonies; and the drawings of Sandys, Keene and Rossetti enveloped our lives with the transcendental vestments of art.

It was Norman who drew most plastic nourishment from our enthusiasm. Slow in development, but patient and laborious, he spent long days in the ruined garden at Chartesville drawing the old trees, the anatomical beauty of boles and branches, with the fervid care of a Pre-Raphaelite. He would return day after day to the same study, fascinated by intricacies that would have daunted a lesser patience. He had his feet thus early upon the safe, long road of thoroughness which he walks so easily to-day. All his work of this time was deliberate and slowly drawn; the treatment decorative, and ruled by the elaboration of forms. He was then about seventeen years old.

It is worth noting that his habit has always been to make a set of drawings in the way of a book, finding a stimulus to further effort in the gradual accumulation of work done. His first serious essay in this way was the "Boccaccio" series, which he drew upon a cold, bluish hand-made paper, for we all had a dislike for Bristol-board and the mechanical line it induces. The work slowly grew until he had made illustrations to some sixteen of the immortal tales, intercalating pages from the text, which he mounted and



Portrait of Norman Lindsay.
Dry Point by Lionel Lindsay.

rubricated with ornamental letters. This work was an introduction to the "Bulletin," whose staff he afterwards joined.

The "Boccaccio" drawings show a notable advance upon the Sicilian pastorals, both in design and skill with the pen. Some are drawn in the old decorative way, but the later designs are more delicately conceived; they have character, the beginnings of a dramatic sense, and the first indications of colour suggestion, which Sydney, with its sub-tropical atmosphere and deep-toned trees, was so swiftly to develop.

Up to this time he had drawn practically everything by the conventionally shaded outline; but, settled at Lavender Bay, the deep metallic tones of the Moreton Bay figs were an inspiration in his new desire to suggest light and colour while playing with Roman life under the stimulating rule of the Garden God. Feeding his mind upon translations of Catullus, Horace, Petronius and Plautus, he re-acted with illustrations of the Roman debauch: all the sharp humour of deceived fathers and catspaw slaves, all the pangs of ardent and penniless youth pursuing love across the intricate obstacles of comedy. He even wrote a Roman play in the vein of Plautus, called "The Pink Butterfly," for the pleasure of illustrating his belief that the lusty desires of youth should triumph charmingly over the power of gold and the harsh antipathy of parental law.

He had now freed himself from the bondage of the decorative line. The white toga and the gleam of sunlit flesh made brilliant centres of interest. The treatment of foliage, rich and dark, and the introduction of brilliant blacks gave to these drawings a depth and eclat that mark them sterling.

He had made a discovery in the way of colour suggestion and given his mental proclivities free expression. "The Scoffers" (a prelude to "Pollice Verso"), now in the possession of Mr. Bernard Hall, the first buyer of Norman Lindsay's art work, is the most brilliant drawing of the period.

Now comes Rubens—in the two fat volumes of Max Roos—to be the most momentous and abiding influence upon his art, with the great Cassell "Bacchanal" as his Holy Family for many a long day. The vision of the great Fleming intoxicates him like a draught of hyperborean; with his pen he essays the same problem of massed figures, praising anew the glad fecundity of the earth, and lavishing upon the beauty of the flesh and the phrenetic gaiety of the debauch, the untiring power of his imagination. Now, stimulated by the new philosophy of Nietzsche, must he pose the pale nihilism of Christianity against the pride of body and spirit in "Pollice Verso." Now group the immortals of his predilection in the gardens of Theleme, or in proud processionals fill the skyline with the Bacchic rout.

All the great pen drawings emanate from this influence, the rhythm of composition, the profound pleasure in healthy nudity. Yet when you look at them you never think of Rubens for a moment, you think of Norman Lindsay. For he has assimilated his influences and coloured them with his personality.

The "Dionysus" is for me the masterpiece of these drawings crowded with movement and life. As a composition I believe it a unique work. With the

monumental solidity of a pyramid the mass rises to the easy figure of the god to which the woman clings in a rapturous agony of desire. Witches and warlocks encircle the base as if drawn upon the irresistible current of a whirlpool, from which the eye rises to the serenity of the summit upon which is set that dramatic and unforgettable group.

With the illustration of "The Memoirs of Casanova" he drifted into realism and problems of actuality. This *tour-de-force,* in which he verified every detail by contemporary prints, occupied him five years, and the drawings are in wash, superimposed upon a lay of conte crayon. In their brilliant handling they are unlike any other work in the medium I know, as they retain their beauty of surface, due to the non-use of Chinese white and to the self-imposed task of carrying the first tones as far as possible to completion before the drying of the wash—a task that demanded absolute fore-knowledge of effect before it could be successfully undertaken.

Of the many problems of the nude in which the adventures of the Venetian voluptuary engaged him, none are so successful as those in which the treatment of artificial light is the problem at issue.

I was never so struck with my brother's mimetic instinct as when engaged upon this work. Like a diver he went down into the careless depths of the Eighteenth Century to bring up its scandalous treasure, and Casanova and his connections lived with him more nearly than his shadow. The Eighteenth Century was for him no affair of powder, patch and clouded cane; but a world more real than the actual. Perhaps the artist has fulfilled with his brush what Gautier projected in that never-to-be-written "'Venice of the Eighteenth Century,' that would make Casanova de Seingalt and his Cardinal de Bernay jump for joy in their tombs."

In 1909, Norman Lindsay went to London to see about the publication of his Casanova book and, in the intervals of waiting upon Barabbas, filled in his time by illustrating "Petronius," a long projected idea, for which he had collected much material in Italy. The "Petronius" illustrations, with the text and a translation, were published before he left London. Printed by hand, it sold quickly, and has since attained the decent reputation of an advance upon its published price. These drawings are wonderfully slick, historically correct, and full of life and movement. "The Embarkation," to pick but one specimen, is a marvel of imaginative reality. But I think the artist has not carried over the buoyant humor of the original, though he has succeeded admirably in a keen realisation of the Roman debauch.

The technique of the "Petronius" drawings is free and at times a little cold; but it broke from his tonal method of building upon an underlay of strong line work. Lately, with his ardent advent into water-colour, he has abandoned this usage and lays his line with a finality which makes exacting claims upon his virtuosity. All the Villon drawings are made in this way, *a premier coup,* and the freshness and brilliance of the result has justified this departure from methods of assured success.

The long antagonism of the public to Norman Lindsay's art work is a

reassurance of his future fame, for nothing is more fatal than the immediate acceptance and comprehension of the artist who comes to break accepted traditions. To be recognised and understood of your day is merely a proof that you have tickled the popular palate, and that your cake is already dough. To be sure the opposition is wearing down, not because the artist has mitigated his convictions, but really because Time has mollified his youth, and that he has sated his interest in the subjects which fretted the quills upon the public porcupine.

You cannot separate Norman Lindsay from his work—that is a triumph—for mind and work are one. "The Bacchanals," the much be-laboured "Norman Lindsay Woman," the rascally children, dogs, bears and unspeakably humorous fowls; the "Crucified Venus," and the marching multitude of "Pollice Verso"—all are one. The same ecstacy produced the drunken rooster and the Dionysus. For Norman Lindsay believes in life—*la sacre vie.* Incessantly he has chanted his credo with his pen, that wonderful pen which seems to think upon the paper, and as he is an artist with a very personal sense of beauty and interested in all life that responds to instinctive stimulus, he has been well beaten for his pains by Mrs. Grundy's umbrella.

I should have been more surprised still if certain brutalities of his early work had not aroused a howl of depreciation and sharp cries of pain from the startled lips of Convention. Baudelaire, Swinburne and Flaubert had else fought in vain for liberty of expression. For the truth stands ever that new subject matter can alone be given to art by the courageous mind and the command of faultess technique.

In this slight suggestive sketch I have attempted to trace the influences that had helped Norman Lindsay to develop his art. But I must add, in conclusion, that you will find in his work none of those palpable surface qualities that bespeak the submission of mediocrity to an elected master—those terms of expression which mark the passage of the imitator. Norman Lindsay has taken the gold of the masters and re-minted it, according to his necessity, in the mould of his particular mind. Remy de Gourmont, with his accustomed clarity, has stated the case of artistic assimilation for the writer, which is also that of the artist. In the "Problem of Style" he says:—"A writer, and even a great writer, depends at starting upon his reading and admiration, which may even be contemporary. What is interesting is not the departure but the arrival. The point of departure is common to all, the arrivals are individual." Norman Lindsay has long "arrived," but he is always upon the point of a new departure. It is to his honour that he has never rested content upon the easy security of success, but, restless adventurer, is ever ready to sail upon a fresh quest, knowing full well that the Golden Fleece of beauty can alone be won by independent and inextinguishable curiosity.

Norman Rockwell 1896
Bardolph. (singing) A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine, To drink until my tongue is tied. Fal. Well said, Master Silence. 2 Pt. Henry IV. Act V. Scene III.

Illustration to
Shakespeare's Henry IV.
Dated 1896, but drawn in 1894,
when the artist was fifteen.

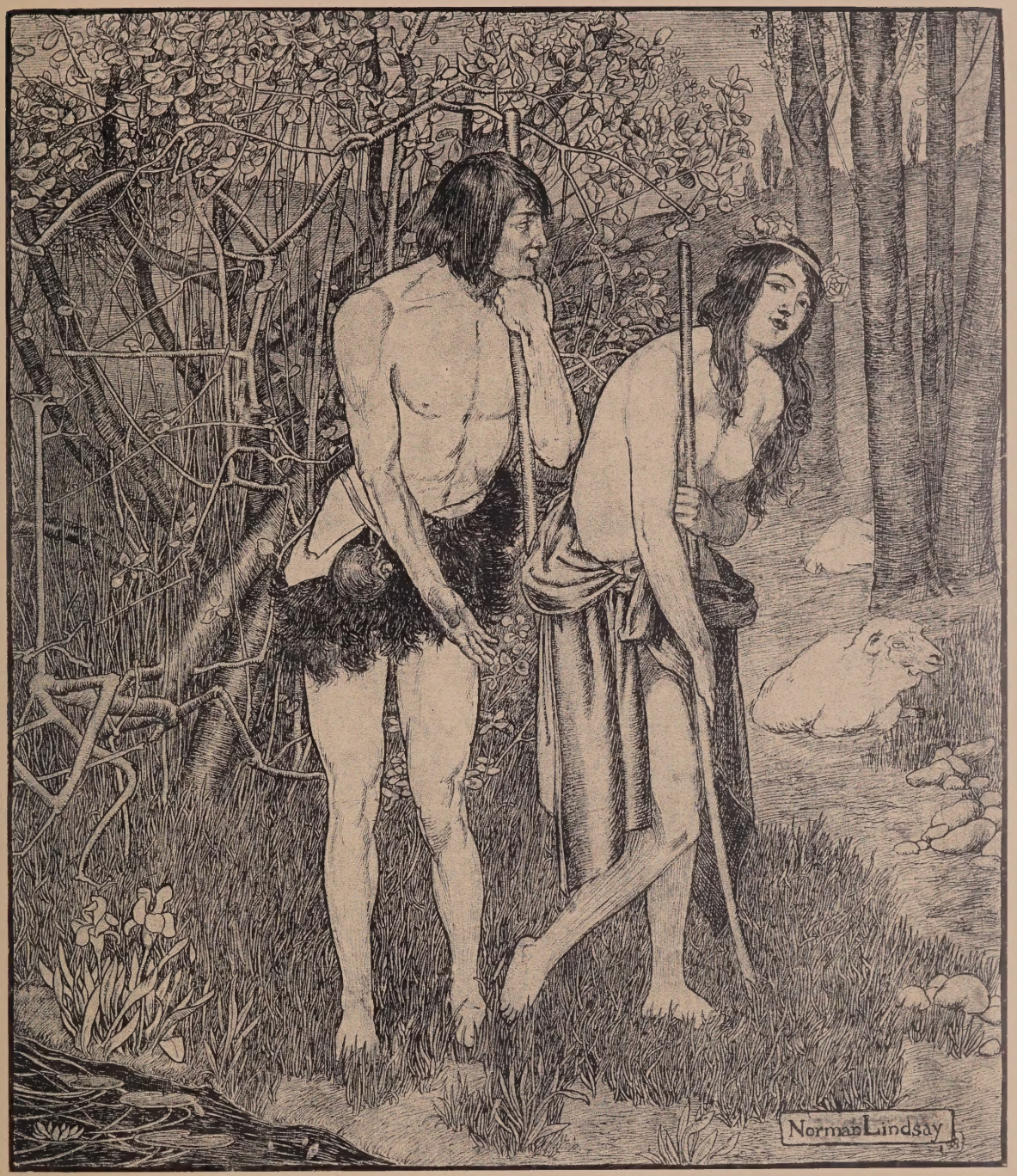


Illustration to the
Idylls of Theocritus.

Title Page to The Decameron of Boccaccio.

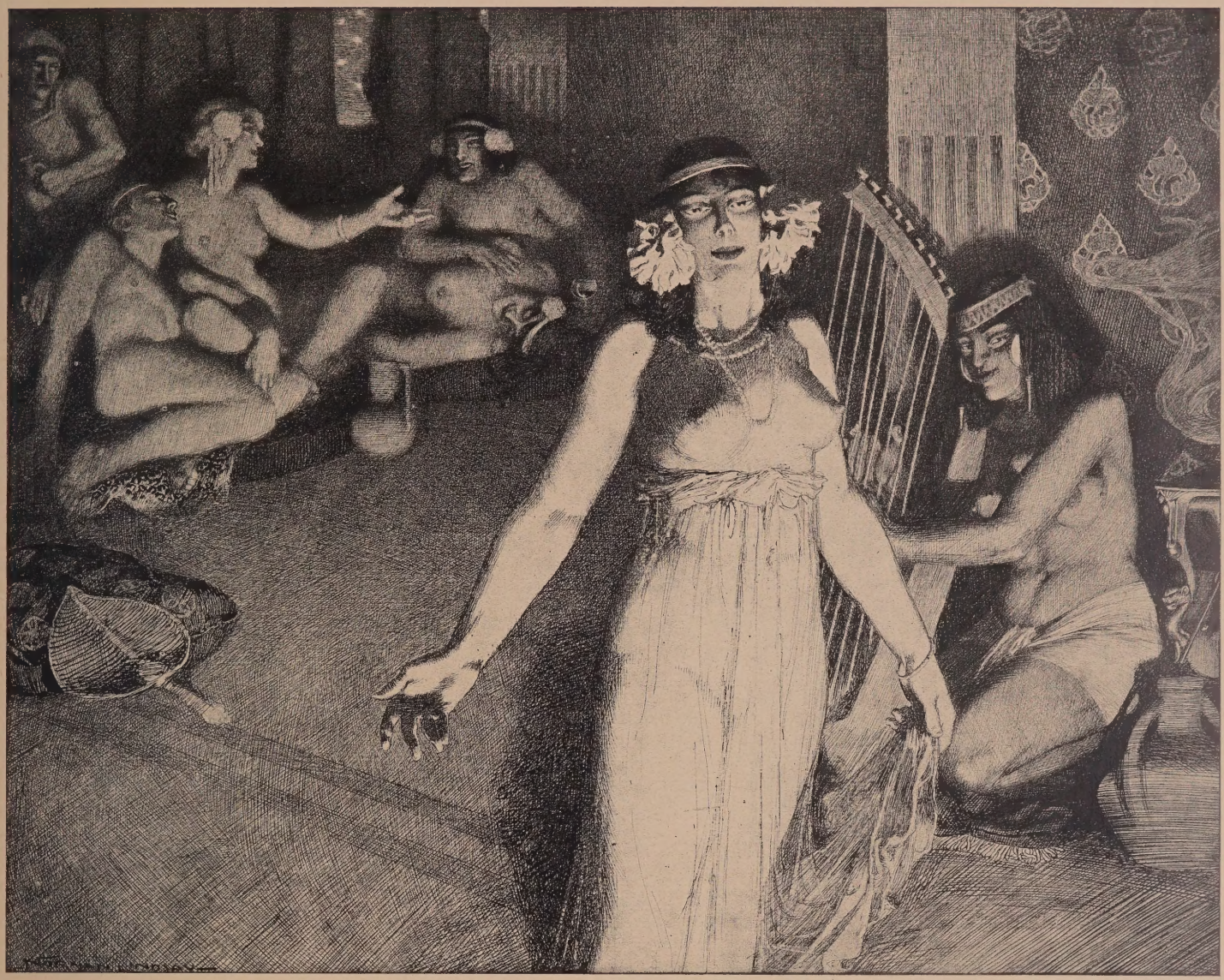
Illustration to
The Decameron
of Boccaccio.

Illustration to
The Decameron.
In the possession of
J. R. Ashton, Esq.

HOW A SAINTLY FRIAR BECAME A GO-BETWEEN FOR TWO LOVERS WITHOUT BEING AWARE OF THE FACT

Illustration to
The Decameron.

Illustration to
The Pink Butterfly—
a Roman Play,
written by the artist.



The Dancer.
In the possession of
W. Macleod, Esq.

The Rivals.
In the possession of
S. Ure Smith, Esq.

Illustration to
Rabelais.
In the possession of
L. Lindsay, Esq.

The Spirit of the Earth.

A Bacchanal.
In the possession of
Lionel Lindsay, Esq.

The Scoffers.
In the possession of
L. Bernard Hall, Esq.

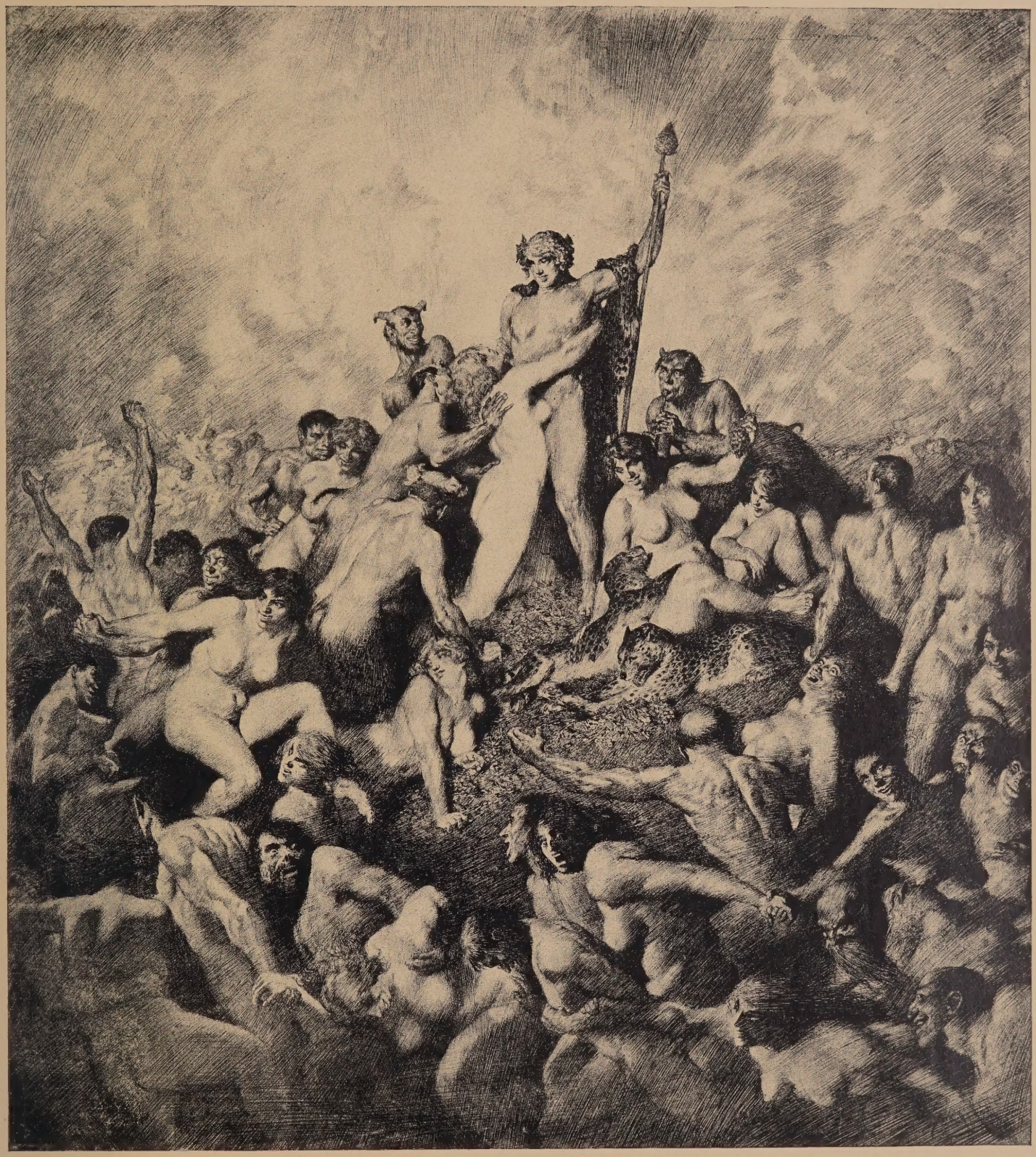
Illustration to
The Idylls of Moschus.

The Curate's Little Wife.
In the possession of
Sir W. Baldwin Spencer.

Pollice Verso.
In the possession of
The National Gallery of Victoria.

Illustration to "The Girl, the Boy, and the Garden God." Written by the artist.

Bacchanal.
In the possession of
Arthur Streeton, Esq.



Dionysus.
Illustration to Merefkowski's
"The Forerunner."

Illustration to
The Memoirs of Casanova.
In the possession of
S. Ure Smith, Esq.

On the Tail of the Flight.
In the possession of
Sir W. Baldwin Spencer.

Illustration to
The Memoirs of Casanova.
In the possession of
S. Ure Smith, Esq.

"Each man fought for himself."
In the possession of
Sir W. Baldwin Spencer.

Satyrs fighting.
In the possession of
Sir W. Baldwin Spencer.

Satyrs pursuing Nymphs.
In the possession of
Sir W. Baldwin Spencer.

The Lion Slayer.
In the possession of
Sir W. Baldwin Spencer.

The Amorous Satyr.

Illustration to
The Great Water,
by Dulcie Deamer.

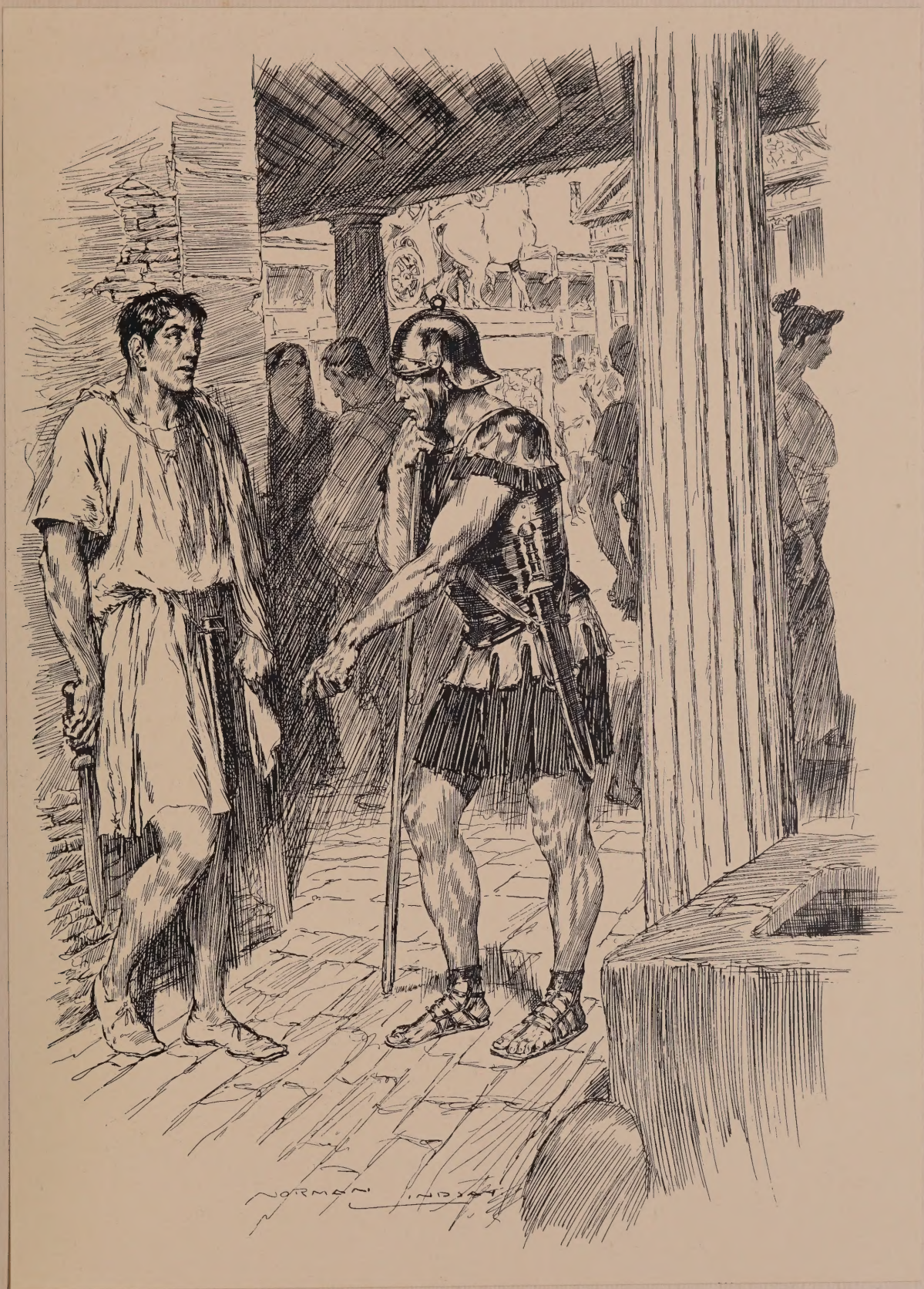


Illustration to
The Satyricon of Petronious.
In the possession of
Howard Hinton, Esq.

The Embarkation.
Illustration to Petronius.
In the possession of
The National Gallery of N.S.W.

The Argument.
Illustration to Rabelais.
In the possession of
J. F. Archibald, Esq.

The Crucified Venus.

Panurge Meets Pantagruel.
Illustration to Rabelais.

The Fruit Gatherers.

The Procession.

Spring.

The Bathers.

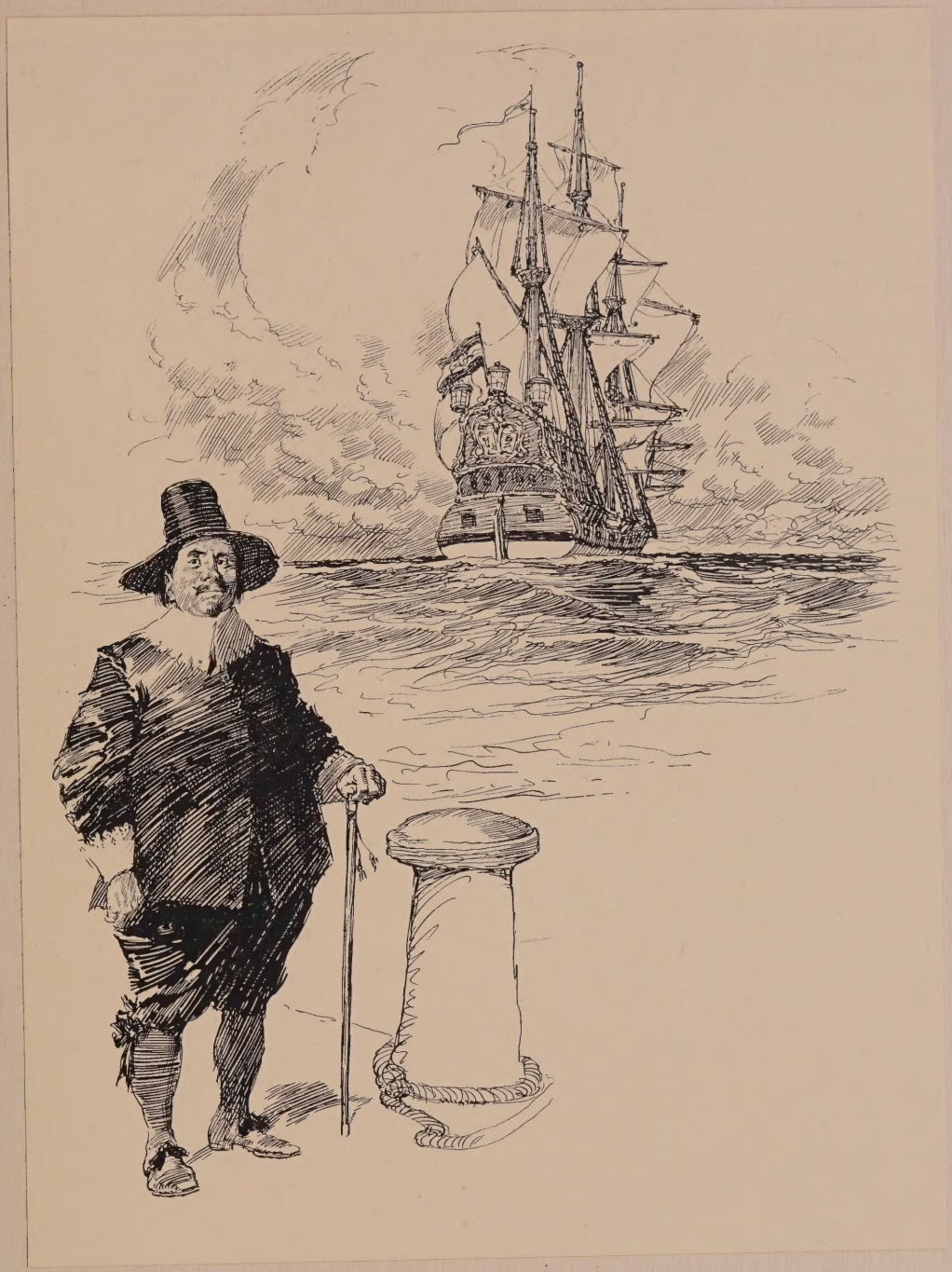


Illustration to
The Story of the Abrolhos.
In the possession of
Howard Hinton, Esq.

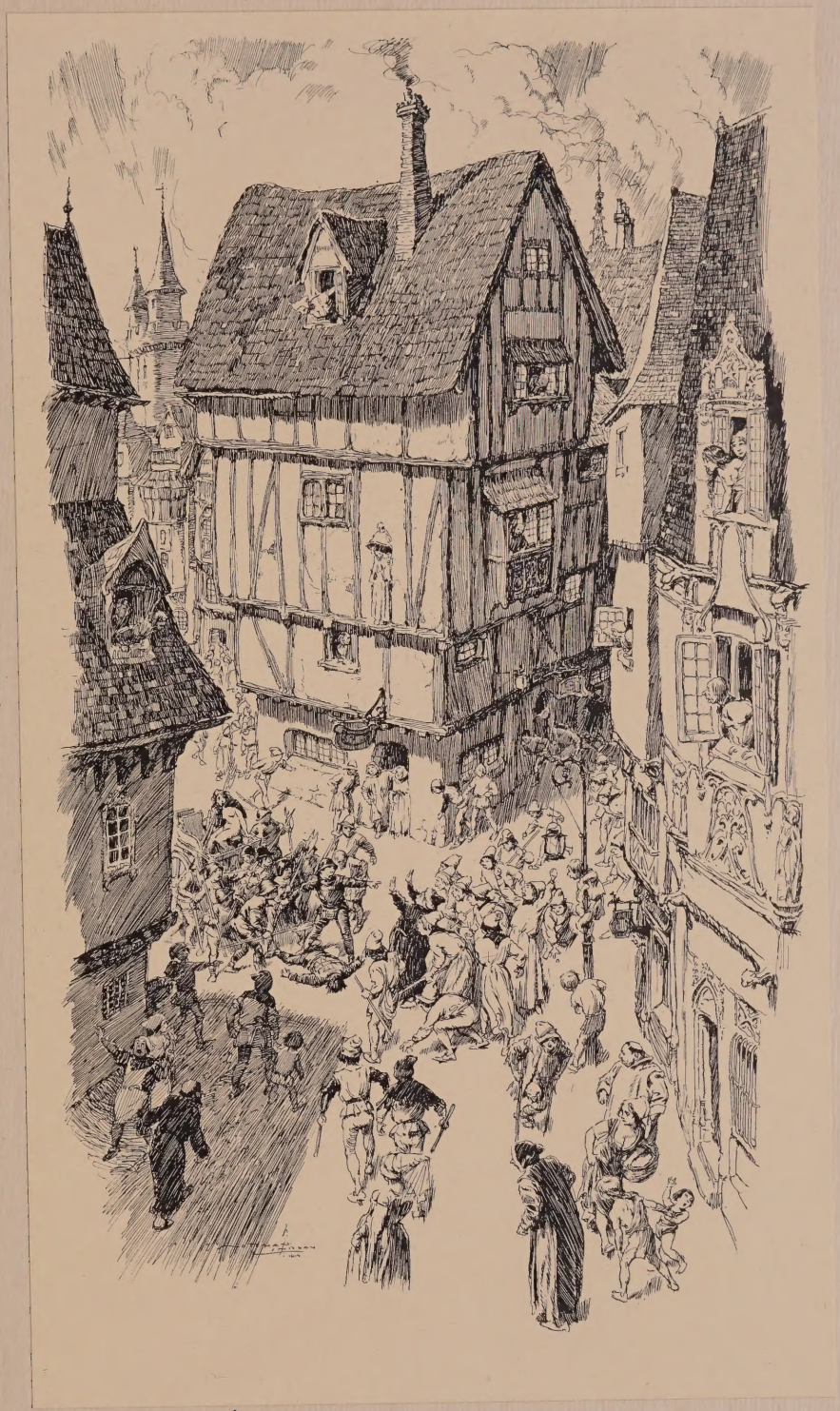


Illustration to
The Poems of Villon.
In the possession of
B. J. Waterhouse, Esq.

Gallantry.

The Spoilers.
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The Raid.

The Student's Mistress.
Illustration to
The Poems of Villon.

Illustration to "Gold."
A poem
by Thomas Hood.

The Apotheosis of Villon.

Illustration to
Tom O'Bedlam,
A poem
by Francis Thompson.

Illustration to
Tom O'Bedlam.

Illustration to Tom O'Bedlam.

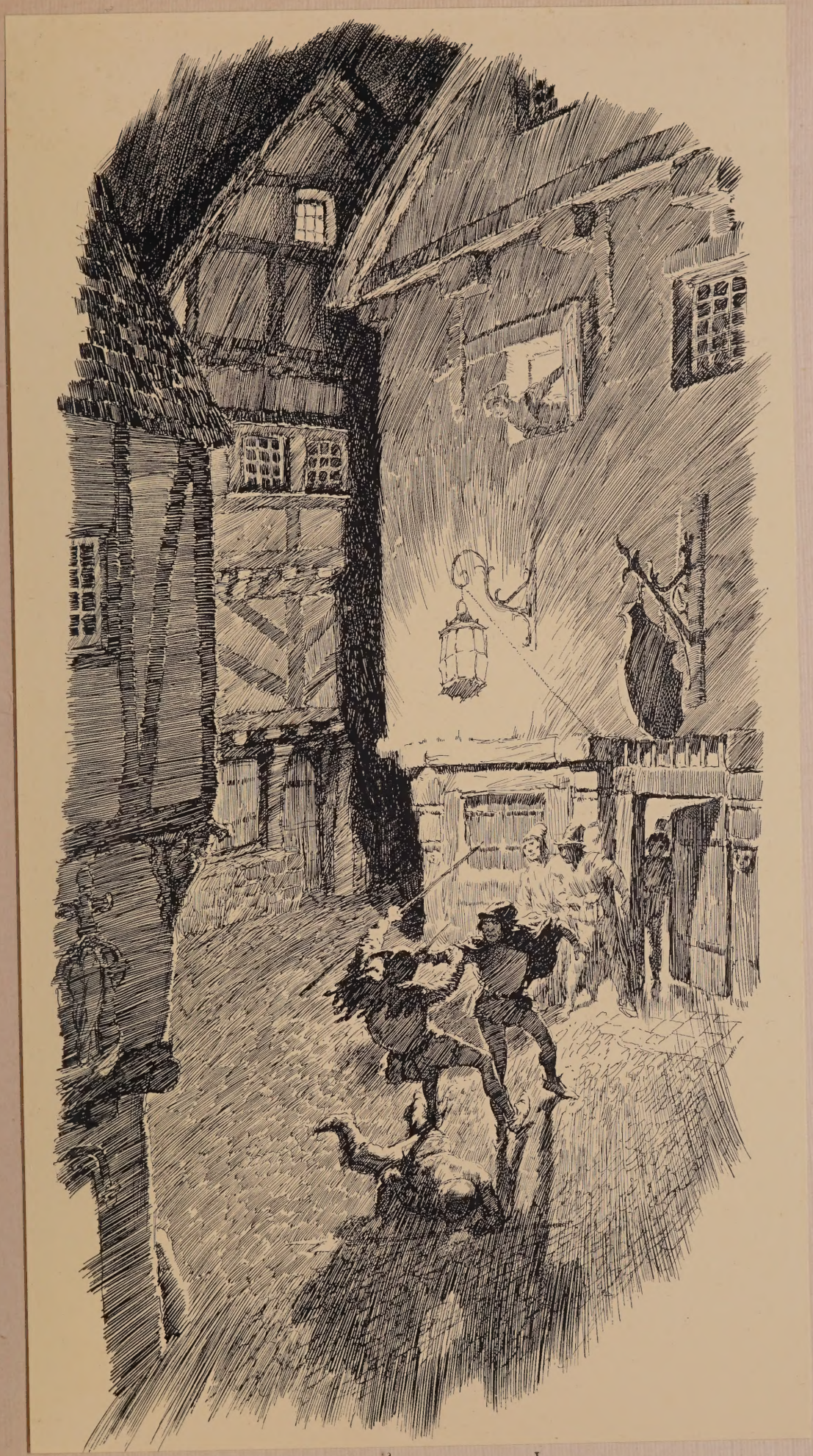

Illustration to
The Poems of Villon.

The Witches.

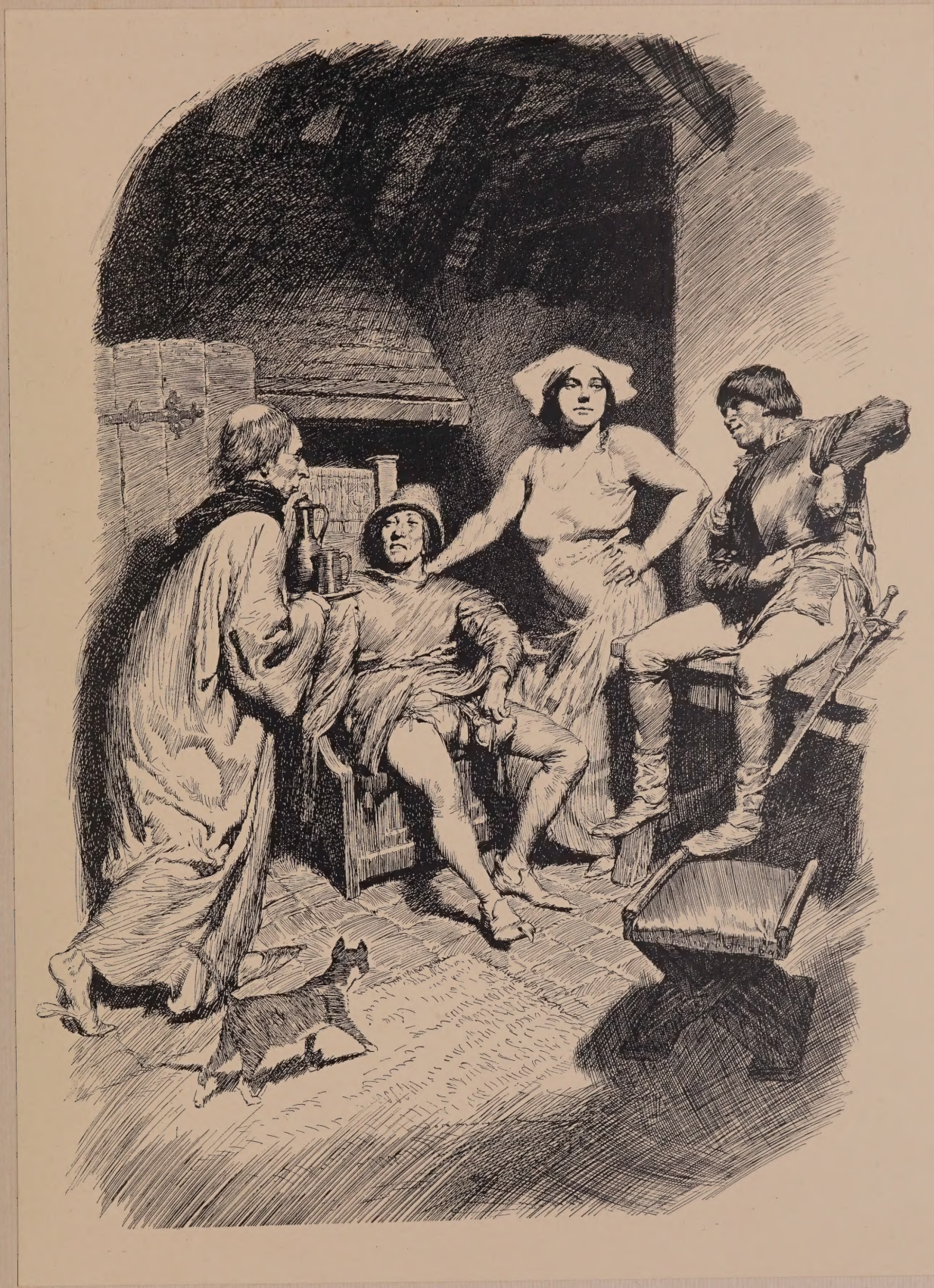

Illustration to
The Poems of Villon.

Illustration to
Congreve's play,
The Old Batchelor.

Panurge and the Ladies of Paris.
Illustration to Rabelais.

1914

In appreciation
of Leon Gellert.

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